

SNAPSHOT

They are all there
aunts & uncles
cousins
grandmothers
grandads
squinting
into the camera
facing the sun
over the picture taker's shoulder
there must be
millions of such photographs
families
bowling teams
rock & roll groups
baseball players
choirs
chunks of people
posed on a landscape
(Aunt Maybelle in front of a cannon)
that was the day we
& Uncle Harry was drunk
Sammy didn't show
he was in the bushes
with Sally she
got pregnant
married a soldier who
died in Korea
all there
in black & white
caught by Kodak
standing still.

-- Kell Robertson

San Francisco, CA

The Way It Was Sunday

when i went to sleep
i fell into a dream
then out again
but first i heard the five o'clock
birds dark in the trees
then the pale light
came in through the glass
and it was morning

you came in
to my other bed
where the book was unread in my hand

and i told you about
the buzzing fly
and the car doors that slammed
and the dog that made
noise in the yard

then you brought me
my breakfast
toasted animal crackers
a pig an elephant and a camel
i dropped their crumbs on this poem
if you are hungry

the child in the house
came in and
showed me his long dark bruise
and his skinned elbow
and told me the story
of all his dangers
and i asked him if it still hurt
and he said no
and asked me to name his animals
and this is the way
it was Sunday

Wine Day At The Flea Market

the man with the dresses
needed your gift of wine

the day grew too late for
anyone to buy his hanging clothes, his
books, his unmatched dishes

august is no time for summer, the
man with the patient eyes
doing everything so slowly
(his own complaint)
still there after everyone was leaving

we waved goodbye again
when we passed the second time
going back and forth across the day

for he was still bending
in the coming darkness,
folding and wrapping